

Pills to expel *S P L E E N*.

O R A

222. h. 8

Cure for the Vapours:

Containing a

COLLECTION

O F

Miscellaneous Poems, &c.

Particularly some

VERSES

On the much Lamented Death of his late
Royal Highness, the Prince of *Wales*.

And a Satyrick S O N G

Made on a noted *Vintner* on *S. H.* With
many other curious *Pieces*, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and Sold at the Pamphlet-
Shops of London and Westminster.



A

Collection of Miscellanies &c.

BRUIN *in the Suds*: A SONG made on a
noted Vintner, on S. H.

I SING not of Battles that now are to cease,
Neither carrols my Muse, in the Praise of a Peace,
It's of *Urso* I sing a most notable Blade,
Who lately an admirable Figure has made.

Derry down, &c.

Of his Birth it is true he has little to boast
His Father a Keeper of Bridewell at most,
But *Urso* being lofty, and of a high Mind,
To famous *London* to come, was vastly inclin'd.

Derry down, &c.

And there quoth he, I can live without doing Work,
And if this be the Case, may the D—l take *York*.
A Man of my Merit can get Victuals and Beer,
And a Place which will bring me a thousand a Year.

Derry down, &c.

So

So to Great *London* he came, but finds his mistake,
 Yet willing the best of a bad Bargain to make,
 He rubs up his Wits, and considers again,
 How to make this long Journey turn out to his
 Gain. *Derry down, &c.*

much,
 At length with cringing, humbling, and promising
 Was took in at a Tavern to be as a Drudge;
 To wait on the Drawers, and the Cooks to assist,
 And wash up all their Dishes, and do what they list.
Derry down, &c.

But after Crafty *Urso* had played his Part,
 And quickly had learned the right Vintner's Art;
 And was in his Business very brisk and alert,
 He then grow'd very impudent, saucy and pert.
Derry down, &c.

And soon after the Death of his Master, gave Hope,
 To this Scoundrel's Ambition, a far nobler Scope;
 For his Mistress the Widow, his Love he express'd,
 And Madam his Passion in smart Terms he address'd.
Derry down, &c.

That he quickly had gain'd the old *Martha's* Heart,
 Thus Brave *Urso* again, did so well play his part;
 For he urged his Suit, with such Passion and Zeal,
 That *Martha* no longer her Love could conceal.
Derry down, &c.

When Courtship was ended, and Nuptials were o'er,
 And *Urso* was got to the Height of his Power;
 How finely he shew'd it, you soon shall discern,
 Both his Sense and his Principles too you shall learn.
Derry down, &c.
 M

Mr. J—ff—s and F—h, the Supports of his House,
He vilely abused, as did likewise his Spouse ;
And all his Customers he did treat with Contempt,
Not Royal Commissions or Titles exempt.

Derry down, &c.

Nay the impudent *Urlo*, ten Gentlemen cites,
And both for a Riot and Assault he indicts ;
As he pretended, for beating himself and his Spouse,
And making a Noise and Astray in his House.

Derry down, &c.

Truth,
When at Court being asked, and purg'd for the
He squints at Learn'd Council and makes a wry
Mouth ;

Tells numerous Lyes, Slanders and Perjuries base,
Which are plainly detected and prov'd to his Face.

Derry down, &c.

This Rascal may now at his Leisure repent,
And think in what manner, his once Friends will
resent ; Spight,
His groundless Indictment, and his Malice and
And in what manner, their injur'd Honours will
right.

Derry down, &c.

For they are fully resolv'd to shew him good sport,
And to lead him a Dance in a different Court ;
To shew that can't prove, with all the Strength in
his Power,
What this Vile Perjur'd Villain so falsely has swore.

Derry down, &c.





*Verses wrote on the much lamented Death of his late
Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

DEATH, who in time, subdues all Mor-
tal Things

Regards not Honours, Titles, Crowns nor Kings;
How watchful some,——regardless others are,
These dread not Death,——but those have much
to fear:

The Change how direful,——either soon, or late
Death is the Stroke——Eternity the State
Strive not presumptions Man, to comprehend
The Bliss——or Misery that has no End;

Let this suffice——which nothing can controul
To know you have, a great Immortal Soul
Then let us while kind Heav'n gives us Breath
Reflect on the Uncertainty of Death

Our Royal Prince, has found his Glass was run
Who's a tender Father Husband and a Son
His heavenly Image ev'ry Virtue bore
A generous Benefactor to the Poor
A better in this world was nee'r before.

Great is our Loss but greater is his Gain,
For He conspicuous does in Heaven reign
The Royal Partner of his Breast, in Time
Subdued by Death,——shall to her Husband climb
His ancient Father——whose afflicted Breast
On Earth feels Pain,——shall find in Heav'n Rest

And

And doubtless all the virtuous Royal Train
Shall part on Earth—but meet in Heav'n again.



A Merry Catch.

WHILE the milder Fates consent
Let's enjoy our Merrymment,
Drink and dance and pipe and play
Kiss our Girls both Night and Day.

Crown'd with Clusters of the Vine,
Let us sit and quaff our Wine,
Call on Bacchus, chant his Praise,
Shake the Lyre and bite the Bays.
Rouze Anacreon from the Dead,
And return him drunk to Bed;
Sing or'e Horace, for er'e long,
Death will come and marr the Song;
Then shall *Beard*, and *Arne* and *Lowe*,
Nee'r sing any more below.



A Letter to E. R. By his Friend.

SINCE last I heard of thee, dear Hony,
Thou hast committed Matrimony:
And soberly both Morn and Even,
Dost take up Smock, in fear of Heav'n.
Alas! poor *Ned*, thy Marriage Vow,
Is like the Rites unhallowed now, *Pli-*

Plighted by Man, ordain'd by Bishop,
 Not one whom Zeal, hath sacred from Mis-
 hap,

With Ring prophane, and Surplice foul,
 (No better than a *Fryars* Cowl,)
 With Poesy vile, and at thy Table,
 Singers, which are abominable ;
 Who sung perhaps a song of *Hymen*,
 But not a *Psalm* to edify Men :
 'Tis the Opinion of this Place,
 Thou can'st not get a Babe of Grace.

But now my Pen to E——d sends,
 Some News to entertain his Friends ;
Ned knows I trow what *Cavaliers*,
 Who durst not tarry for their Ears.
 Proscribed are, for some bad Plot,
 That might have ruin'd G——d knows what,
 Suspected amongst the rest *Will: D* :
 Whether he was or was not on't :
 Committed Lyes and like a Sloven,
 Lolls on his Bed in *Covent Garden* :
 Soon as at *Bath*, the knew the *Bard*,
 As to say truth it was not hard,
 And flew on him like Lyon passant,
 And to his Nose, as much as was on't,
 They call'd him Superstitious Groom,
 Popish Dog, and Priest of *Rome* ;
 However sure, 'twas the first time,
 That *Will's* Religion was his Crime ;
 For I belieye, for my own Prat,
Will is a Poet in his Heart ;

But

But 'tis enough, he is thy Friend,
And thou art mine, and there's an end:

Tom. Love-Gin. To his Friend.

IF my favourite Liquor's no more to be drank,
I shall quickly run mad, unless I grow wise
Frank,
And there's no Dram of *Gin*, when I've finish'd
my Work,
I am certain 'twill make me as cross as a *Turk*:
However if there's no more *Gin* for my Drinking,
Ne'ertheless 'twill give me the more time for
Thinking:
Then farewell my great Comfort, to shew I'm
a Man,
I'll bear this great Loss as well as ever I can.

The Lazy TAYLOR.

ZOUNDS *Jack*—get---up, jump out of
Bed,

This Suit of Mourning must be made;
Have you forgot the *Prince* is dead?

JACK.

By G——d, I care not what you say,
I will have Three half Crowns a Day;
And think that but indifferent Pay.



